

Give Your Heart A Break (You're Still Our Baby Boy)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/22294696) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/22294696>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M , M/M
Fandom:	Spider-Man (Tom Holland Movies) , The Avengers (Marvel Movies)
Relationship:	Peter Parker & Steve Rogers , Peter Parker & Sam Wilson , James "Bucky" Barnes & Peter Parker , James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers , Pepper Potts/Tony Stark , Peter Parker & Tony Stark , Morgan Stark (Marvel Cinematic Universe) & Tony Stark
Character:	Peter Parker , Tony Stark , Steve Rogers , Sam Wilson (Marvel) , James "Bucky" Barnes , May Parker (Spider-Man) , Morgan Stark (Marvel Cinematic Universe) , Pepper Potts
Additional Tags:	Post-Avengers: Endgame (Movie) , Post-Avengers: Infinity War Part 1 (Movie) , Peter Parker Needs a Hug , Suicidal Peter Parker , Depressed Peter Parker , Mentioned May Parker (Spider-Man) , Dead May Parker (Spider-Man) , Alternate Universe , Steve Rogers Lives , Tony Stark Lives , Please Don't Hate Me , I'm Sorry , Suicide Attempt , Hurt Peter Parker , Emotional Hurt , Emotional Hurt/Comfort
Collections:	Post Infinity War/Endgame
Stats:	Published: 2020-01-17 Completed: 2020-01-28 Chapters: 5/5 Words: 3173

Give Your Heart A Break (You're Still Our Baby Boy)

by [Mysterycheerio](#)

Summary

He knew things were different after Thanos. How could they not be? He was dead, for five years, and Mr. Stark had gotten on with his life. It stung a little, knowing that Mr. Stark didn't care. It was fine, he had a daughter now, a child with his own flesh and blood, how could she not be more important than Peter, an orphan kid with a seriously stupid guilt complex?

Where Tony survives Endgame, but Peter struggles, to the point where he tries to commit suicide.

Luckily, He has Steve, Sam and Bucky in his corner.

Notes

Russian (русский) translation here

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/22294696>

By AnastasiaRaevskaya ty ♥

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

I have to get on with life (Is this life?)

Chapter Notes

READTAGSREADTAGSREADTAGSYOUHAVEWBEENWARNED

Anyone looking on Peter's life would say he was a tragedy. And, he would have to agree. I mean, he knew there was something wrong with him, there had to be. The constant Nightmares, the uneasy feeling he would get in his stomach, the panic attacks, the dissociation. There's no way he came back right.

He knew things were different after Thanos. How could they not be? He was dead, for five years, and Mr. Stark had gotten on with his life. It stung a little, knowing that Mr. Stark didn't care. It was fine, he had a daughter now, a child with his own flesh and blood, how could she not be more important than Peter, an orphan kid with a seriously stupid guilt complex?

After coming back home, he heard from a college friend of May and Ben's that May... May didn't make it. Apparently, after the snap, New York became overrun with rioting criminals, and she happened to be the victim of a couple of druggies who were raiding his apartment building for money. It didn't take long before Child Protective Services showed up, and Mr. Stark covered his ass, and became his legal guardian. It didn't feel like it.

Not long after the final battle, Peter decided to move out of the tower, like most of the other heroes. He used the remainder of May's money that she left him to buy a small apartment in Queens. He took coursework for a teaching position, and, within six months, he was a professor in Chemical Engineering at University of New York.

He thought he should be proud of himself. I mean, becoming a professor at the age of 16 (legally he was allowed to, he was 21 after all) , as well as a superhero was pretty impressive. He couldn't really feel anything. Life didn't really feel... real anymore. He wasn't sipping tea as warm, Italian lullabies played peacefully in the background, he wasn't giggling softly as insults were being thrown around the room (perhaps due to a fierce game of Mario Kart) while a calloused hand ran through his hair.

It didn't feel like life.

Didn't feel like his life.

He hoped, despite being a man of science and not truly believing in such things as afterlife, that somewhere, May, Ben, and his parents were smiling at him, proud of what he'd become (though Peter wasn't sure what they should be proud of; an eighteen year old superhero who has panic attacks half the time, and dissociates the other half was nothing to be proud of, in his humble opinion.

This night was different though. As soon as he got in from his teaching sessions, he slumped on his twin bed, too exhausted from the permanent ache settled in his bones. Then, he did something he hadn't done in ages.

He cried.

It wasn't violent and wheezy like when he had a panic attack, it was soft, yet carrying so much Sadness.

What happened to his life?

He used to have a Family. Used to smile contently whenever Ben smiled, his grin was infectious to both other occupants of their small apartment. Now, Peter could only see his dazed, pain-filled smile, with cracked lips and blood-stained teeth.

He used to upgrade his suits with Mr. Stark, now could only remember the sobs that rang through his ears as he felt himself dusting, felt each molecule of his being ripped apart and fused together over and over again until there was nothing left.

He used to meditate with Natasha. Sit with her in the training room, in pure silence, as the two spiders focused on the synchrony of their breathing. It was a stunning synchrony, even more precious since one of them would never play that synchrony again.

He used to play piano with May, sometimes singing, sometimes not. He remembers singing 'I See The Light' from Tangled, the two singing as a duet. Or sometimes, May sang 'Try To Remember' as Peter's nimble fingers caressed each key swiftly yet gently.

He used to be called nicknames, like Petey, or Kiddo, or Spiderling, or Queens, or паук, or Bambino.

He used to belong.

He used to feel wanted.

He used to feel happiness.

He used to feel.

That now seemed like a distant memory, one that was so far away, he thought sometimes, absent mindedly, that it may have been his imagination, a thought that somehow tricked him into thinking he was loved.

So, Peter lay on his bed, only crying harder into the grey pillows, when an earth-shattering realization wormed its way into Peter's head.

No one will ever know how sad I am.

In the face of death

Chapter Summary

'This is it.'

Chapter Notes

sorry this is short, and tw for suicide attempt

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter sat up that morning the same time he always did- 5:00 am. He didn't really sleep that much anymore, often his nights were filled with Nightmares.

He followed his same routine.

Same cereal that May always bought.

Same Coffee.

Same drive to work in silence.

Same lessons – he tried to put on a mask for the kids, and for the most part, he was successful.

Except, after driving home, he found himself wandering the streets of Queens, feeling more like the pathetic teenager in a baggy Midtown hoodie than he ever had before.

He missed the days where everything was so simple.

He found himself turning into a dark alley, and resting his hands on the dirty brick of the wall. He placed his left hand on too, eyes closed, and after a while, he had climbed up the wall of this huge tower.

He liked it up here.

It was... peaceful.

The demons in his head, the demons that had been there for years and years, whispering depressive statements that in the back of his mind, he knew were true, were finally quiet.

He stood at the edge, watching the mesmerizing lights of New York as they moved, or flickered.

When one is presented with death, you'd think their last emotion would be fear, or at least, in the case of a suicidal being, Sadness. But this wasn't the case for Peter.

He felt... content.

A sense of peace, if you will.

The ache that weighed on his chest day after day finally disappeared, his eyes no longer felt heavy. His heart no longer felt wounded. He let the happiness, the Sadness, the grief and the guilt leak out of his mind until all that was left was ease of mind, and no other reason why he shouldn't go through with this. It was just him, his humming, and the expectant concrete lying at the bottom, waiting for him to jump.

So he did.

He wind assaulted his face as he spread his arms wide, a smile finally gracing his lips since 2018. He tipped forward, and felt the cold air embrace him as he plummeted to the bottom.

This was it.

Chapter End Notes

;)

I can't imagine a world with you gone

Chapter Summary

This chapter was based off of the song Hold On by Chord Overstreet. It is a song about attempted suicide, but i think it fits Tony and Peter so well.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not updating, my pc waqsnt working for a while, but this is the penultimate post, so, the next one will be up aswell :)

also, this song is a love story, but i DO NOT SHIP STARKER!!!!
thise is strictly platonic, father son shit and all that

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Loving and fighting.

"I will introduce the world to the newest member of the Avengers, Spider-Man."

"No thanks to you."

Accusing, denying.

"What if somebody had died tonight? Different story, right? Cause that's on you."

"I did listen kid."

I can't imagine a world with you gone.

"You gotta let go, Pete. I'll catch you."

The joy and the chaos.

"Hey. I'm- I'm – I'm Peter."

"Tony."

The demons we're made of.

"What are you talking about? That thing hasn't even touched me yet!"

"True, then again, it wasn't really trying to."

"NO!"

Id be so lost if you left me alone.

“Mr. Stark? I don’t know what’s happening. I don’t want to go.”

◊•° : *◊•° : * * : •° ◊ * : •° ◊

Chapter End Notes

Hold on, I still want you.
Come back, I still need you.
Let me take your hand; I'll make it right.
I swear to love you all my life.

Always here for you

Chapter Summary

The finale! This is where the cap quartet (minus Nat :(sadly) comes in. Fluff ensues.

Chapter Notes

Well, this is a change isn't it? I don't usually write fluff. My brain is literally
ANGSTANGSTANGST

It didn't work.

Peter hobbled away with a sprained ankle and a dislocated shoulder, all because of some miscalculations.

Just like that, the sense of peacefulness left, and the voices flooded his brain. Tears welled up in his eyes, quickly spilling down his cheeks.

He entered his apartment, and collapsed on the floor, hands pulling at his hair. His tears fell faster and faster, and his breaths were shook, much like his hands.

He felt like he was crumbling.

He knew he should call someone. That's what she would've wanted. For him to get help.

Peter wanted help, but also didn't. But, he thought it'd be an insult to *her* memory if he didn't call someone. Didn't tell someone.

Before he second-guessed himself, he pressed the number at the top, and it rang.

And rang.

And rang.

"Hey Pete. Sorry, I'll call you back. Morgan's been a bit wild this week, I think she got her picky eating from Pepper. I just got a break, and I've been w-"

"Sorry sir, I didn't mean to disturb you."

He hung up.

He should call someone else, he knew he should, before the suffocating emptiness swallowed him.

His finger hovered over Steve's name, and he called Steve.

"Hey Pete! What's up?"

...

“Pete?”

...

“Peter, what’s happening? I c-“

“I tried to kill myself.”

“...What?”

“I-I oh god, I tried, jesus christ...”

“Pete, come to the compound, we’ll help you.”

Peter heard his own shallow, short breaths in response.

“Peter?”

“Yeah, I’m... I’m coming.”

He hung up, and started to walk from Queens to Manhattan.

◇•° : *◇•° : * * : •° ◇ * : •° ◇

He got to the compound in minutes (if he swung there, nobody needed to know) and hastily swiped his ID at the scanner, which let him into the building.

He ran to the elevator.

“FRI, take me to Steve. Please.”

“Sure, Peter.”

The elevator took barely a minute to take him to the right floor, but it felt like an eternity for him. The lift binged, and the doors clicked open, and he saw, on the sofa, was Steve, looking extremely worried. Sam was on the armchair, typing hastily into his phone, and Bucky was curled into Steve’s side, tears staining his face.

They all looked up at him when he stepped out of the elevator, Steve getting up (while moving Bucky gently) and walking towards Peter cautiously.

“Steve?” he breathed.

“I’m here buddy, I’m here...”

Peter collapsed into tears, and flung himself into Steve’s arms. Steve picked up the teenager, and gently guided him to the sofa, where Bucky ran his hand through the kid’s hair, like Tony had done once.

“Explain it all to us, Pete. We’re here for you.” Sam reassured.

Peter nodded hastily, then tried to calm down his breathing. One he succeeded, he looked at Bucky, who smiled (although it didn’t reach his eyes) and began explaining.

“It’s just... I feel like I don’t belong anywhere. I thought I belonged here, but everyone’s getting in with there lives, and I’m technically 21, but I’m still 16, and tony has a daughter and I missed his wedding. Everyone’s left me and I have no one left and I have this crushing loneliness and I tried to get on with my life, I really did, but it’s hard working and being a superhero, and I haven’t been Spider-Man for a while because I’m weak and I get scared whenever I look at my suit and-“ He

rambled.

“Peter. I understand that the snap must be confusing for you. But you’re wrong, you are not weak. If you get scared when you look at your suit, I would blame PTSD. You don’t need to work, you’re still 16, no matter what your birth certificate says.”

“I do have to work though. If I don’t, I’ll lose my apartment.”

“Apart- Peter, you don’t live with Tony?”

“no?”

“Fucking hell.” Bucky growled. The sudden tone change made Peter flinch, and subconsciously Bury himself into Steve’s side deeper, who in return, tightened his grip on the hero.

“Bucky, calm down.”

“I can’t Sam! That man is supposed to be his legal guardian, and he’s a 16 year old, living by himself.”

“What do you work as, Peter?” Steve said, probably trying to diffuse the tension in the room.

“I’m a professor at the University of New York.”

“Wait, you became a professor in one year?”

“Yeah?”

“Wow that’s, that’s impressive Pete.”

“Hmm.”

“What do you teach?”

“Biochem.”

Bucky spoke up again, yet calmer this time, “Peter, you know Tony loves you right?”

Silence.

Bucky sighed, “Did you know what his first words were when he returned back to earth?”

Peter shook his head.

“He said, ‘I lost the kid’. He loves you, so so much.”

“Why?... I’m nobody.”

“You’re his son.”

“No! No I’m not! I’m an orphan from Queens who was too stupid to go home when faced with a fight.”

Steve looked into Peter’s teary eyes.

“You are exactly like me. When I was younger, I wanted to join the army, even though I was a skinny, asthmatic... kid-“

“The Little Guy from Brooklyn who was too dumb not to run away from a fight.”

“What I’m trying to say is,” Steve said, glaring playfully at Bucky, “You’re more like me than you realize.”

Peter drifted off into a dreamless sleep, leaning against Bucky while Steve played with his hair. And for the first time in a year, he felt...loved.

◇•° : *◇•° : * *:•° ◇*:•° ◇

Peter woke up with the smell of pancakes wafting up his nose and the playful sounds of Mario Kart buzzing in the background.

“-terrible at this, I’m a senior citizen, you know.”

“So am I, Stevie, but I can still play. You just suck.”

“Yeah, well, you would know.”

Peter snorted, then sat up when the two soldiers heads spun towards him. Steve immediately went bright red, which only made Bucky and Peter giggle harder.

“Anyway Pete, Sam’s cooking breakfast, you hungry?”

“Yeah,” Peter said with a smile, “I am.”

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

due to popular demand, another chapter.

my condolences for the shitty chapter

Tony woke up to the deafening sound of 'Iron Man' by Black Sabbath. *Who had such amazing taste in alarm sounds?* He wondered, while also wishing it would *shut the fuck up*.

Oh. It was his ringtone.

Sighing at the ridiculously early time (5am), He turned his phone on, and was met with one name.

Steve.

He declined the call, only to be met with a text alert.

Compound, now. Its important.

He sat up reluctantly, and walked over to his dresser, while mumbling a nonchalant excuse to Pepper, who was honestly about to smother him with a pillow for waking her up at FIVE IN THE GODDAMN MORNING.

Once he was dressed in his signature Tony Stark look, a black suit with an ACDC shirt underneath, and of course, his signature red shades, he left his cabin, and started driving to the compound.

Tony swiped his ID at the sensor, then ordered FRIDAY to take him to where Steve was, the Living Room. But when she opened the doors, he was met with a sight that broke his heart.

Earlier...

Peter watched as the building creaked, and for a split second, he thought it would stay up. He was wrong.

The building crashed. On him. The crushing weight in his chest reminded him of when he had panic attacks, but this was more intense. Tears ran down his face as he struggled against the concrete pinning him to the earth, but the dust was quickly filling his nose and mouth and he couldn't breathe and,

"Please, I'm down here, someone help me, please!"

No one came.

The scene changed, and instead of the suffocating grey that surrounded him that night, he was on a battlefield, the ground was brown and red, stained with the blood of allies and enemies alike. He couldn't remember why this scene made him want to throw up, to rip his hair out and cry until

there were no tears left.

“And I... Am... Iron Man.”

“Mr. Stark? You did it sir, you did it. We won sir.”

“I’m sorry, Tony.”

The scene didn’t change, but he watched as Tony, Steve, Pepper and all of the heroes dissolved into Ash. A green mist fell around him, making his ankles hidden in a sea of emerald.

“I’m coming for you, Peter Parker.”

“Peter ,wake up!”

Peter woke up with a start.

It was just a nightmare.

A nightmare.

But it felt so real.

Steve knelt down, where he was eye level with Peter. “Are you okay, Pete?”

Peter shook his head, and Sam, bless him, sat in the sofa, where Peter was previously sitting, and allowed the teen to cry in his shoulder. After a while, the tears ceased, the tracks staining his cheeks. He took a deep breath in, and out, closing his eyes on Sam’s shoulder, when the elevator dinged.

And in walked the last person Peter would ever think he would see.

Tony Stark.

The first thing Tony registered was Peter Parker was sitting on the couch.

The second thing Tony registered was how awful the kid looked.

He has red rims around his eyes, which also carried dark bags, and his cheeks were glistening with tears. His forehead had a cut that had butterfly bandages on it. His right ankle was wrapped up, and had ice on it, and his arms was hugged around his middle protectively.

But Tony noticed his eyes the most.

They were still chocolate brown. But no longer held the excitement that Peter Parker always had. The curiosity, wonder and kindness always showed in his eyes every lab session, but now, they were replaced with something dark, that Tony couldn’t identify.

“Peter?” Tony called, walking hastily to the couch. He was intercepted by one Bucky Barnes, who looked nothing short of pissed off. Peter eyed Tony nervously.

“Barnes. Let me see my kid.”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Has he been living with you Tony?” Steve said.

“No.” Tony replied shortly, “I’m making renovations to the cabin, and he’s been living here until its done. You know that.” He said cautiously. Where was this going?

“He hasn’t been living here. He bought an apartment, and had been working as a teacher for the past six months.” Barnes yelled.

“How was I supposed to know that?”

“You’re Tony Stark. If you really cared about that kid, you would know.”

“Barnes, are you accusing me of not caring. He’s my kid.”

“So is Morgan. And you’ve been neglecting him for her.”

“Neglect? I did no-“

“Where were you when he tried to kill himself?”

Tony stood, mouth agape, in the center of the room.

“Guys...” Peter said quietly.

“Because, from what I hear, he called you, and you were busy with Morgan.”

“Guys...” Peter said, a little bit louder.

The two men kept arguing, but Peter didn’t care what they were saying. Suddenly, the lights were too bright, the bickering was too loud, the smell of blood from his injuries was too fragrant. He stood up, albeit a bit wobbly, and tried to go to his room, where he could hopefully recover from this.

“Face it, Stark, you don’t care about the boy.”

Tony was about to yell a retort when something caught his eye. Peter, who was previously trying to walk out, had stopped halfway to the elevator, swaying.

Tony was a second too late.

“Peter!” was the last thing the boy heard before black dots swam in his vision, and he passed out.

End Notes

Please leave comments, I love interacting to you!

Also, if you want to see my idea of teacher! Peter, you go to my Instagram
@MysteryCheerio

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!